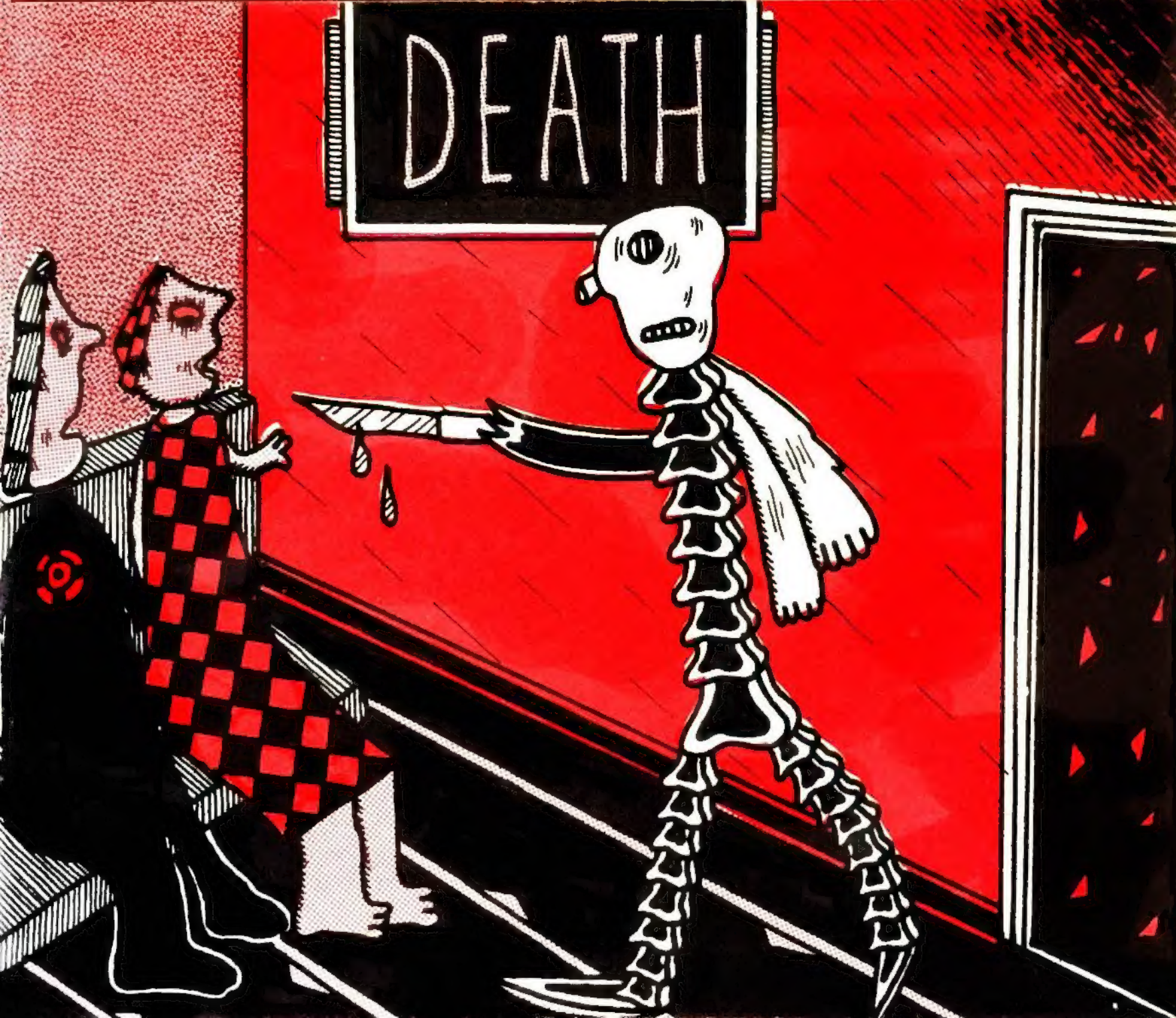
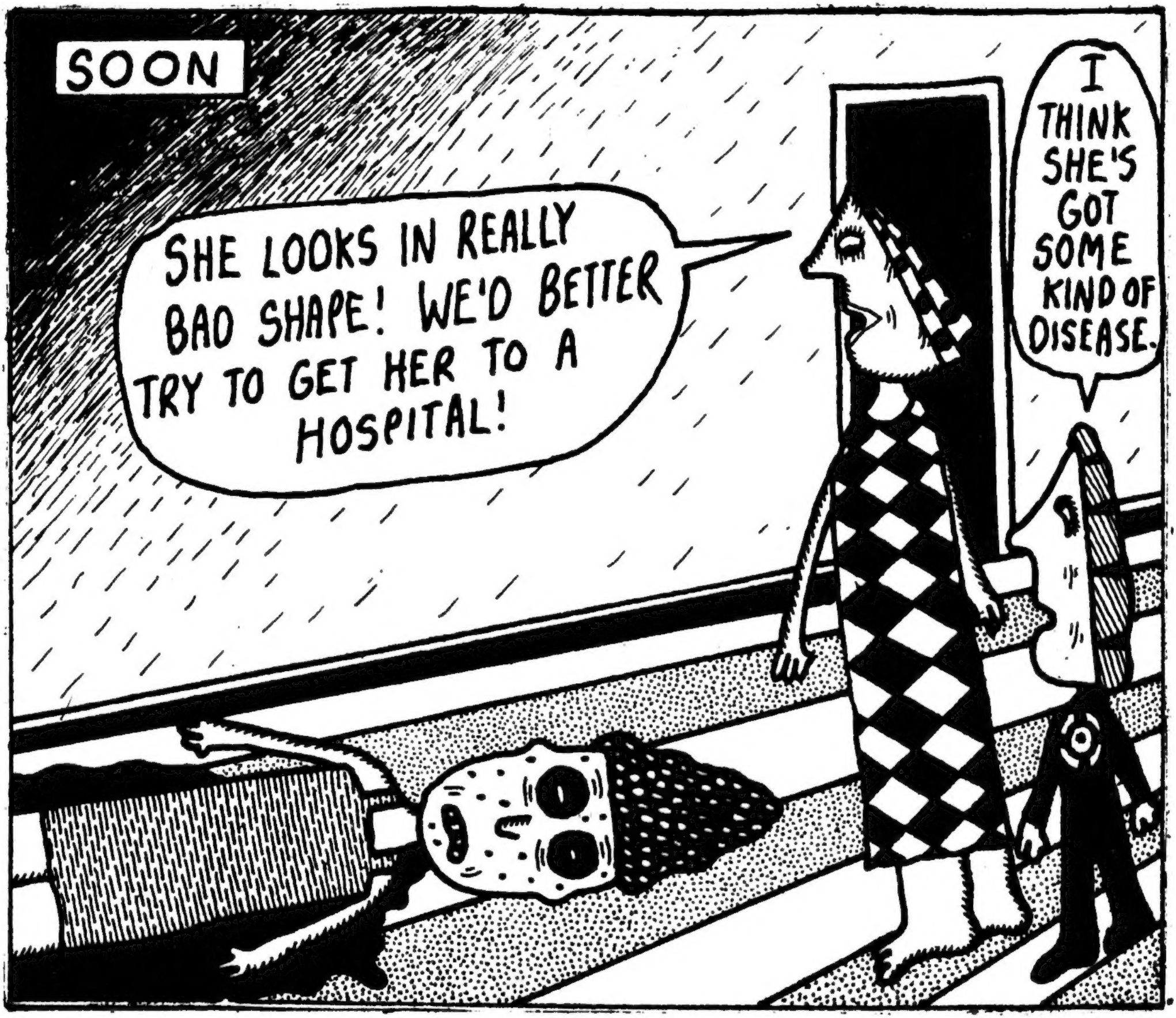

DEATH

DEATH © 1980 BY MARK BEYER

WHO'S ON THE PHONE AMY?
IT'S OUR FRIENO CLAIRE. SHE'S IN SOME KIND OF TROUBLE!
GET DRESSEO JORDAN! SHE WANT'S US TO COME OVER TO HER APARTMENT RIGHT AWAY!

SHORTLY
YOU REALIZE OF COURSE AMY THAT IT'S 3:00 IN THE MORNING.
I DON'T CARE CLAIRE IS A GOOD FRIEND OF OURS.


SOON
SHE LOOKS IN REALLY BAD SHAPE! WE'D BETTER TRY TO GET HER TO A HOSPITAL!
I THINK SHE'S GOT SOME KIND OF DISEASE.

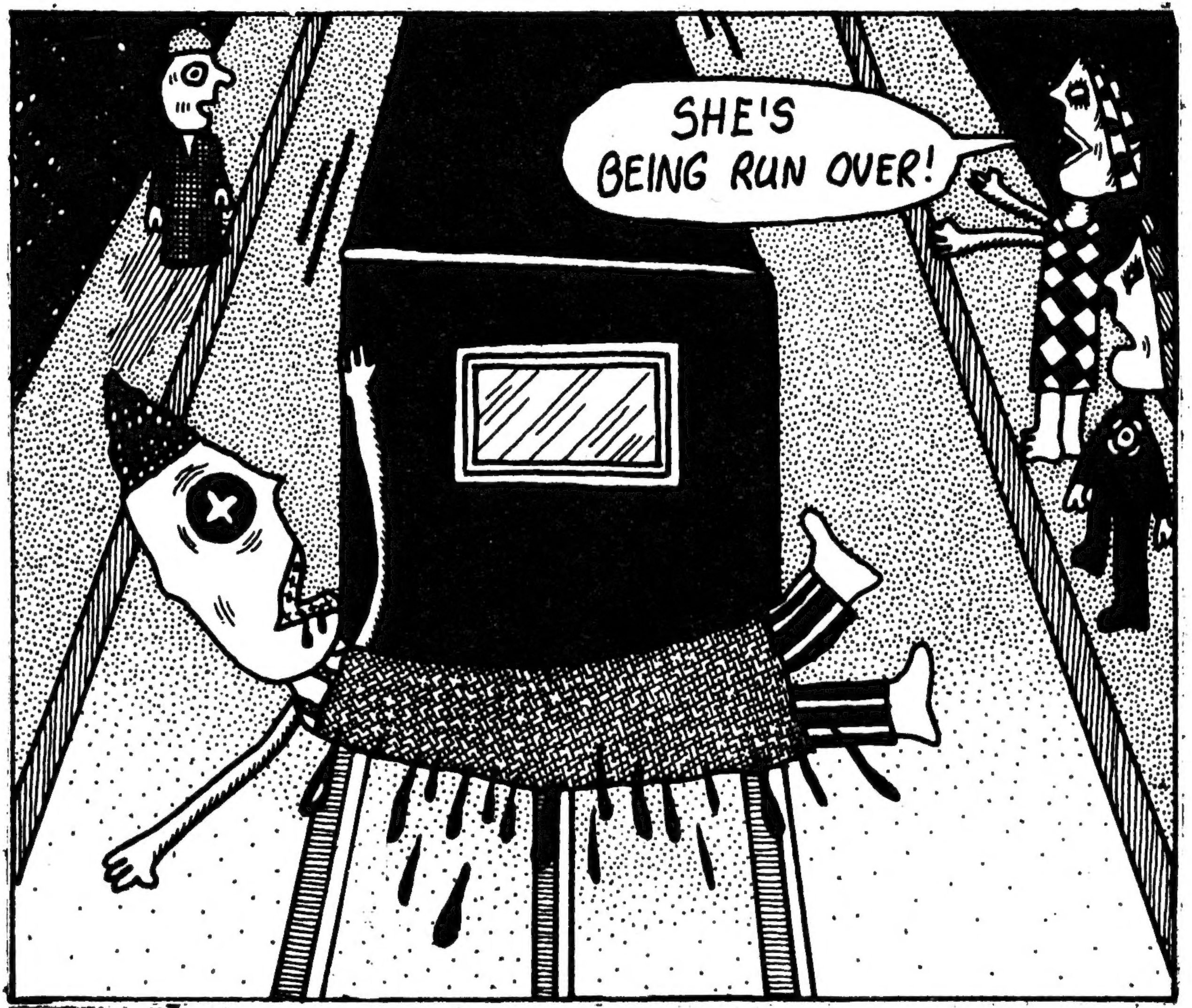
A FEW MINUTES LATER

DO YOU THINK YOU CAN STAND UP BY YOURSELF NOW CLAIRE?

YES I FEEL A LITTLE BIT BETTER.

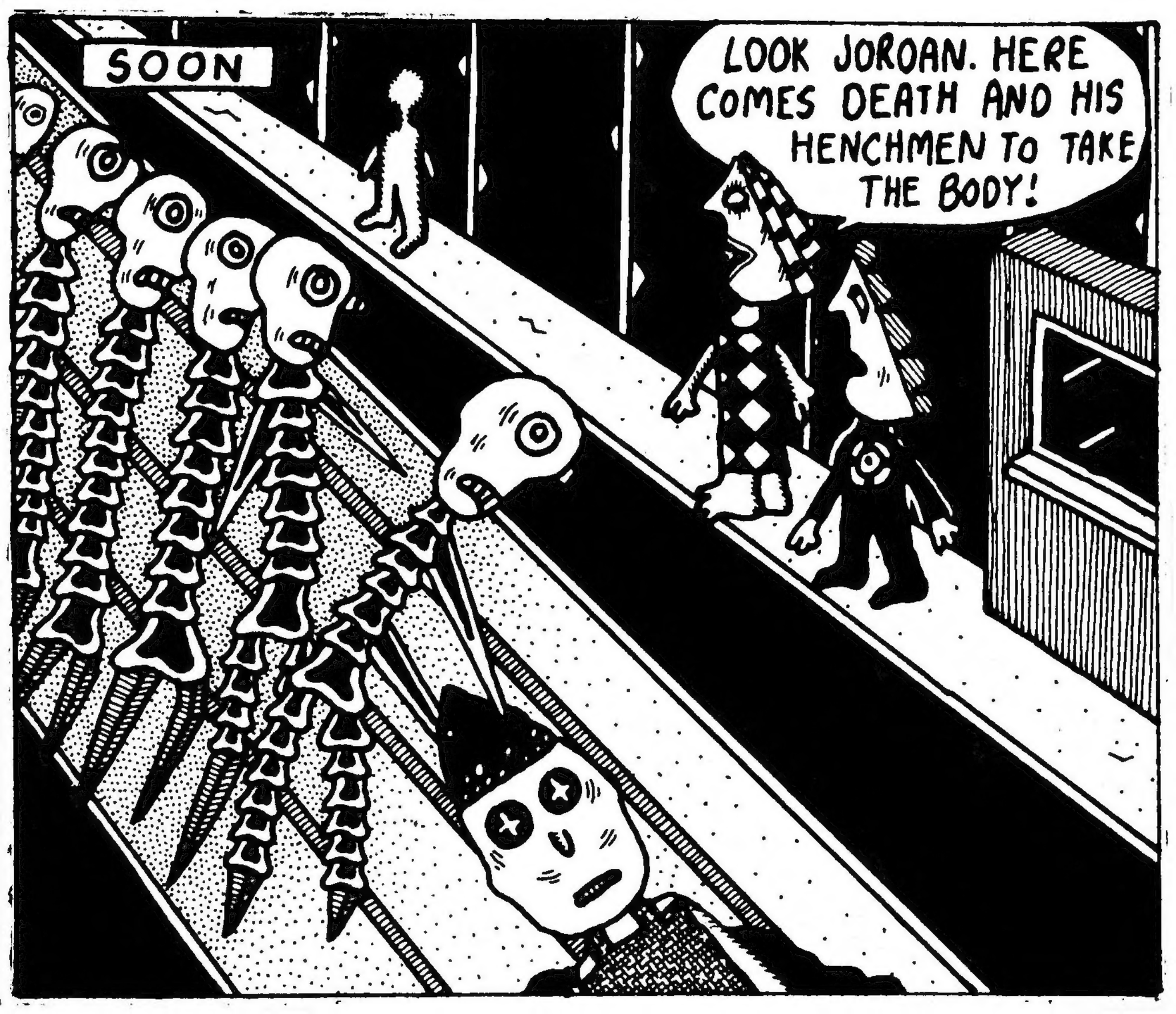
OHHHH A TEENAGER IS PUSHING HER ONTO THE TRACKS!

AHHHHHH


SHE'S
BEING RUN OVER!

TO STREET

IT'S OVER. SHE'S DEAD.


SOON
LOOK JOROAN. HERE COMES DEATH AND HIS HENCHMEN TO TAKE THE BODY!

LATER

LET'S JUST GO HOME AND TRY TO FORGET WHAT HAPPENED.

WE CAN'T FORGET IT AMY. JUST LOOK AT YOUR ARMS AND FACE WE'VE BEEN INFECTED ! WE'VE CAUGHT CLAIRE'S DISEASE! THERE'S NO KNOWN CURE FOR THE TERMINAL SKIN DISEASE THAT WE'VE CAUGHT!

YOU WERE RIGHT JORDAN. WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TRIED TO HELP HER!
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

THE END.